THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE;

OR

Literary Miscellany.

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For the Evening Fire-side.

THE PHILANTHROPIST: NO. XV.

To catch dame fortune's golden smile
Assiduous wait upon her;
And gather gear by every wile
That's justified by honour:
Not for to hide it in a hedge,
Not for a train attendant,
But for the glorious privilege,
Of being *independent*. BURNS.

It is an axiom universally accepted, that ſolute independence is utterly incompat-e with the relative connections of ſociety. ere it attainable, the ligaments which nd mankind together, and form the baſis ſocial harmony and intercourſe, might diſſolved at the pleaſure of an individu- and each member of the great family once become an inſulated ſolitary being, off from all the enjoyments of life. As ere muſt be ſome medium through which comforts and neceſſaries of life are to obtained: I have often reflected on the traordinary coincidence of opinion in all ilized nations, in fixing on one general dium, so admirably calculated for the rpoſe. But as my object in the preſent y was not to diſcuſs the propriety of the ice of gold and ſilver as the medium of change, I ſhall content myſelf with the ervation already made.

The neceſſity of acquiring a competence the preſent ſituation of ſociety, is too pable to require demonſtration. Means frequently reſorted to for the attain-t of this desideratum, which cannot *ustified by honour*; but at the ſame time ng-thoſe, who are juſt ſtarting into life, embarking on the ocean of commer- enterprize, or mercantile ſpeculation, e is too apt to be retained a certain dig- of ſentiment, too elevated for the mon concerns of the world. The mind nds at the proſpect extended before it, while it embraces the vaſt ſpace that is ried by the various operations of buſi-neſs, either overlooks or deſpiſes thoſe tri-fles, the combination of which, forms the object of their purſuit. It obſerves the ac-cumulated heaps of its neighbours, nor reflects that it was by the continued addi-tion of minute particles thoſe heaps were formed. The young and thoughtleſs look forward with delight and admiration, to thoſe who have attained the ſummit of the mountain, their hearts throb with expec-tation, and they hope to bound up the ſteep with the rapidity of the roebuck, unconſcious that its approach is rough and difficult, or its aſcent long and weariſome. I hold in abhor-rence the wiles of the artful and deſigning; the man who diſplays his cunning at the ex-pence of every principle of honeſty, who lays in wait for the thoughtleſs and unwa-ry, and ſhields himſelf under the pitiful plea of only having made a good bargain, ought to be the object of our deteſtation. When I ſee this *ulyssean* policy inſinuate it-ſelf into the tranſactions of buſineſs, it is one of the ſevereſt trials my phylanthropy is expoſed to. What I wiſh to inculcate is, not a theoretical principle, nor a *rascal-ly virtue*; it is only the duty which every man owes to himſelf. It is to acquire a competence by an attention to tri-fles, and to circumſcribe the boundleſs de-ſire of attaining to affluence by a ſudden ex-ertion. I have often admired the maxims of an opulent foreigner, who, from his immenſe wealth, and the facility with which he acquired it, was ſuppoſed by his neighbours, to poſſeſs the philoſopher's ſtone. On one of his friends enquiring of him if he really had diſcovered this long ſought for taliſman, that like the touch of Midas, could turn every thing into gold, he replied, that he had, and in con-ſideration of their friendſhip, would im-part it to him. It conſiſts ſaid he in a ſtrict attention to theſe three maxims: "Never to poſtpone till to-morrow, what can be done to-day. Never to get another to do for me what I can do myſelf: and never to deſpiſe the moſt trifling ſum that can be ob-tained by honeſt exertion. By a ſtrict ob-ſervance of theſe things, you will un-doubtedly grow rich." Theſe ſimple max-ims require no great exertion or ſelf-deni-al, to be reduced to practice. They muſt be ſucceſsful who ſtrictly adhere to them, and will find their fortunes gradually in-creaſing, till they have little left to wiſh for. Thoſe eſtates which ſeem like the earth-born progeny of Deucalion, to ſtart at once from nothing into the maturity of being, generally fall into premature decay. Their poſſeſſors elated with new-found wealth, and unacquainted with its real va-lue, and the purpoſes to which it ought to be applied, frequently laviſh it on objects of no importance, or indulge in the little-neſs of pomp and ſplendour, till like the dew of the night, that melts before the ſun, it is exhaled by the broad glare of diſ-ſipation.

It muſt be acknowledged, that from the importance given to riches, by the com-mon conſent of ſociety, there is ſomething in them extremely faſcinating to the mind. Thoſe who ſuffer under the preſſure of po-verty, falſely conceive that wealth conſti-tutes the ſum and circle of happineſs.—Compelled to move in a ſubordinate ſphere, they view every thing above them through an obſcure medium, that magnifies the pleaſures and diminiſhes the wretchedneſs of high life: and to this diſtortion of men-tal viſion, all the unhappineſs of repining is to be aſcribed. It will be hardly poſſi-ble for me to force conviction on the minds of ſuch as theſe, who are incredulous from predetermination; but if it were in my power to raiſe them to the rank they ſigh for, I have very little doubt they would ſoon, in the bitterneſs of ſoul, acknow-ledge their error; and that they would feel the truth of the aſſertion, that the gifts of fortune were dangerous and de-ceitful, and that *a contented mind is a contin-ual feaſt*.

I find by obſervations occaſionally made in my hearing, (for as I am a nameleſs be-ing, poſſeſſed of all the advantages of in-viſibility, I often hear things ſaid of myſelf)

that I am looked upon as a profing writer, whoſe ſentiments, like their dreſs are in the moſt gothic taſte; that I have not wit enough to become a *practical philanthropiſt*, by hunting down the particular follies of the day, and in conſequence only declaim againſt them *en maſſe*. Peradventure, theſe ſapient obſervers, who have thus diſturbed my philanthropy, by wounding my vanity, (a ſin which few authors are philanthropic enough to forgive) do not give the ſubject ſufficient reflection. They ought to recollect that to attack each individual failing, would be a weariſome and unprofitable taſk, and that we ought not to direct our artillery on the gnat, while the lordly eagle ſoars undiſturbed to the heavens, triumphant in its power, and glorying in its ſuperiority.

W.

For the Evening Fire-side.

Now the morning wakes delight,
Gentle zephyrs ſoftly play;
Far have fled the ſhades of night,
Follow'd by the dawning day.

Rays from yonder golden ſky,
Dance upon the mountain's height;
Gaudy ſcenes attract the eye,
Strangers to the duſky night.

From the purple lilac ſwells,
Fav'rite bird! thy airy ſtrain—
Wafted o'er the hills and dells,
Muſic rings across the plain.

Grateful to my liſt'ning ear;
Welcome ev'ry varied tone;
Oft theſe ſonnets let me hear,
Whilſt I meditate alone.

See the country's flow'ry dreſs,
There I breathe the fragrant air:—
There I find true happineſs,
Flora wields her ſceptre there.

Let each morn thus cheer my heart,
Kindly ſoothe my troubled breaſt,
In deſpair a balm impart,
Lull the tortur'd ſoul to reſt.

M. D.

For the Evening Fire-tide.

And it came to paſs in thoſe days, that the ſervants and handmaids of the people were prohibited eating roaſt-beef, pigs and ducks, lamb or chicken pie, or any thing good.

Meſſrs. Editors,

We are determined not to live another day with our miſtreſs; for don't you think ſhe had the audacity to hop into the kitchen this morning, like a hen upon a hot gridiron, and with a voice that would have ſcared a ſcreech-owl to death, declared, that ſhe had turned over a new leaf in her "treatiſe on domeſtics," and that her ſervants ſhould no longer be allowed to ſtuff themſelves with her expenſive barbacues and fricaſees, or ſmother their foul palates with her dainty ſweetmeats, but eat and drink (patience help us, for ſhe never gave us any thing to drink but hydrant in her life) what was ſet before us, and aſk no queſtions; this together with an *emphyſematous* ſtrut acroſs the kitchen, (take care grimalkin) was nigh to deprive us of all manner of recollection. Sam was down on the muſh kettle, like a man in a trance; Dolly's oral faculties could no longer exert themſelves; Kitty's olfactory nerves were ſo metamorphoſed, ſhe eat what ſhe had diſcriminated for ſoap-fat, and tumbled two pouuds of hot buttered beef-ſteak in the fat-tub.

In fact, Meſs. Editors, we were completely aſtoniſhed, inſomuch that (black) Sam's hair ſtood as ſtrait as a hackle. As ſoon as we once more were bleſt with human reaſoning, it was propoſed to form a junction, and deliberately give each one their opinion to the queſtion, "to go or not to go." Sam, who had but juſt found ſtrength to raiſe himſelf out of the hot muſh, declared, that unleſs he was allowed his uſual ſtimulus, he would not ſtay; Dolly, the waſherwoman proteſts, if ſhe cannot get barbacues and fricaſees for ballaſt, ſhe'll not ſtay another day. Peet, the bottle-waſher, affirms, if they preſume to examine the *empty* bottles, he's no longer a ſervant here; and Kitty the cook, declares by all that's greaſy, if ſhe is not allowed to monopolize the kitchen and its contents, and have ſuch rare morſels, as ſhe thinks proper to call for, by way of filling up the blanks in the abdomen—ſhe's off——We were yet conſulting, when our friend Jenny O'Burke, Mrs. Crab's ſervant, came running in almoſt out of breath, and to our utter aſtoniſhment related the ſame ſtory of her good lady—and that Mr. H—'s coachman had been with her and told her that his maſter and miſtreſs were both affected in a ſimilar way—and it ſince appears the complaint is general.—Now we are hard put to it to determine the cauſe of this diſturbance—but ſince its firſt appearance, we have heard it whiſpered, that there is a lady who calls herſelf, (we don't know her name) the wife of a great merchant in London, who came over to this country becauſe ſhe could not ſtay in her own—and has taken it upon her to learn our American ladies how to "ſplaſh," and among her rules and regulations, it is particularly mentioned—or we will ſend it you verbatim, copied from the original by Miſs Sally Spruce, who is chambermaid where the ſaid lady lodges—viz. "And I would have you ſtrictly to obſerve, that in no wiſe let your ſervants of any deſcription have the leaſt prerogative, but keep their noſes down to their proper places, and the only way to render them ſerviceable, is to combine and come to a determinetion to diſmiſs ſuch as do not wiſh to comply with your new laws, and beyond a doubt, they'll ſoon be as humble as our Londoners, &c. &c. &c." Now, Meſs. Editors, are we not juſtifiable in acting the defenſive part? Yes certainly—Then we aſk the favour of you to give this grievance a place in your uſeful paper, with the following annexed:—At a meeting of the ſervants and handmaids of the city of Philadelphia, held at Skunk's tavern, corner of —— alley, to conſider the moſt expedient means of exonerating themſelves from an evil late roſe up among them: viz. the importation of an exotic female animal from Grub ſtreet, London, who has ever ſince her landing, uſed every ſtratagem in her power to render us as low and as mean as the inhabitants of her own dirty ſtreets. Reſolved, that each perſon preſent contribute one cent each, for the purpoſe of purchaſing a fifty-ſix, with a moderate length of cloſe line annexed, which ſhall be depoſited in the hands of Shandy Blake, who being an ingenious perſon, the meeting agree to leave it to his wiſdom to do he thinks proper with it. Said Shandy living on the wharf, is a cogent cauſe for depoſiting the ſaid article with him. Tom tam Cuaw, Toby Vice, Peter Meſſer, Solomon Lob, Tony Lumpkin, and Timothy Smart are a committee appointed to return Shandy Blake, Eſq. their beſt ſervices on the occaſion---By

SHANDY BLAKE, Chairman.

To the Editors of the Evening Fire-ſide.

The writer of a biographical ſketch which you copied into your laſt number appears to be incorrect in one ſmall matter which I beg leave to notice.

In ſpeaking of the literary merit of MRS. CARTER, he ſays, "She was the writer of two pieces in the Rambler. One *on Religion and Superſtition*, the other on *the Voyage of Life*. That ſhe is not entitled to the praiſe of having written the above mentioned paper, is evident from Johnſon's own words, in the concluding number of that admirable work.

" My obligations, (says he) have not been frequent, my acknowledgments may be soon dispatched. I can restore to all my correspondents their productions, with little diminution of the bulk of my volumes, though not without the loss of some pieces to which particular honours have been paid."

" The parts from which I claim no other praise than that of having given them an opportunity of appearing, are the four billets in the tenth paper, the second letter in the fifteenth, the thirtieth, the forty-fourth, the ninety-seventh, and the hundredth papers; and the second letter in the hundred and seventh.

The paper in question (No. 102) is claimed by the author of the Rambler in the last quoted paragraph. This evidence is conclusive. But were it not thus positively claimed, it is so *completely Johnsonian*, as to invalidate the *bare assertions* of Mrs. Carter's biographer.

As I think it might occupy a place in your Miscellany with advantage, by inserting it you will oblige.

A SUBSCRIBER.

With constant motion as the moments glide
Behold in running life the rolling tide!
For none can stem by art, or stop by power,
The flowing ocean or the fleeting hour;
But wave by wave pursued arrives on shore,
And each impell'd behind impels before:
So time on time revolving we descry;
So minutes follow, and so minutes fly.

ELPHINSTON.

" Life, says Seneca, is a voyage, in the progress of which we are perpetually changing our scenes: we first leave childhood behind us, then youth, then the years of ripened manhood, then the better and more pleasing part of old age. The perusal of this passage having incited in me a train of reflections on the state of man, the incessant fluctuation of his wishes, the gradual change of his disposition to all external objects, and the thoughtlessness with which he floats along the stream of time, I sunk into a slumber amidst my meditations, and, on a sudden found my ears filled with the tumult of labour, the shouts of alacrity, the shrieks of alarm, the whistle of winds, and the dash of waters.

My astonishment for a time repressed my curiosity; but soon recovering myself so far as to enquire whither we were going, and what was the cause of such clamour and confusion, I was told that we were launching out into the ocean of life; that we had already passed the straights of infancy, in which multitudes had perished, some by the weakness and fragility of their vessels, and more by the folly, perverseness, or negligence, of those who undertook to steer them; and that we were now on the main sea, abandoned to the winds and billows, without any other means of security than the care of the pilot, whom it was always in our power to choose among great numbers that offered their direction and assistance.

I then looked round with anxious eagerness; and first turning my eyes behind me, saw a stream flowing through flowery islands, which every one that sailed along seemed to behold with pleasure; but no sooner touched, than the current, which, though not noisy or turbulent, was yet irresistible, bore him away. Beyond these islands was all darkness, nor could any of the passengers descry the shore at which he first embarked.

Before me, and each other side, was an expanse of waters violently agitated, and covered with so thick a mist, that the most perspicuous eye could see but a little way. It appeared to be full of rocks and whirlpools, for many sunk unexpectedly while they were courting the gale with full sails, and insulting those whom they had left behind. So numerous indeed were the dangers, and so thick the darkness, that no caution could confer security. Yet, there were many, who, by false intelligence, betrayed their followers into whirlpools, or by violence pushed those whom they found in their way against the rocks.

The current was invariable and insurmountable; but although it was impossible to sail against it, or to return to the place that was once passed, yet it was not so violent as to allow no opportunities for dexterity or courage, since, though none could retreat back from danger, yet they might often avoid it by oblique direction.

It was, however, not very common to steer with much care or prudence; for by some universal infatuation, every man appeared to think himself safe, though he saw his consorts every moment sinking round him; and no sooner had the waves closed over them, than their fate and their misconduct were forgotten; the voyage was pursued with the same jocund confidence; every man congratulated himself upon the soundness of his vessel, and believed himself able to stem the whirlpool in which his friend was swallowed, or glide over the rocks on which he was dashed; nor was it often observed that the sight of a wreck made any man change his course: if he turned aside for a moment, he soon forgot the rudder, and left himself again to the disposal of chance.

This negligence did not proceed from indifference, or from weariness of their present condition: for not one of those who thus rushed upon destruction, failed, when he was sinking, to call loudly upon his associates for that help which could not now be given him: and many spent their last moments in cautioning others against the folly by which they were intercepted in the midst of their course. Their benevolence was sometimes praised, but their admonitions were unregarded.

The vessels in which we had embarked being confessedly unequal to the turbulence of the stream of life, were visibly impaired in the course of the voyage, so that every passenger was certain, that how long soever he might, by favourable accidents, or by incessant vigilance, be preserved, he must sink at last.

This necessity of perishing might have been expected to sadden the gay, and intimidate the daring, at least to keep the melancholy and timorous in perpetual torments, and hinder them from any enjoyment of the varieties and gratifications which nature offered them as the solace of their labours; yet in effect none seemed less to expect destruction than those to whom it seemed the most dreadful; they all had the art of concealing their danger from themselves, and those who knew their inability to bear a sight of the terrors that embarrassed their way, took care never to look forward, but found some amusement for the present moment, and generally entertained themselves by playing with Hope, who was the constant associate of the voyage of life.

Yet all that Hope ventured to promise, even to those whom she favoured most, was, not that they should escape, but that they should sink last: and with this promise every one was satisfied, though he laughed at the rest for seeming to believe it. Hope indeed, apparently mocked the credulity of her companions; for in proportion as their vessels grew leaky, she redoubled her assurances of safety; and none were more busy in making provisions for a long voyage, than they whom all but themselves saw likely to perish soon by irreparable decay.

In the midst of the current of life was the gulph of intemperance, a dreadful whirlpool interspersed with rocks, of which the pointed crags were concealed under water, and the tops covered with herbage, on which Ease spread couches of repose, and with shades, where pleasure warbled

the ſongs of invitation. Within ſight of theſe rocks all who ſailed on the ocean of life muſt neceſſarily paſs. Reaſon indeed was always at hand, to ſteer the paſſengers through a narrow outlet by which they might eſcape; but very few could, by her intreaties or remonſtrances, be induced to put the rudder into her hand, without ſtipulating that ſhe ſhould approach ſo near unto the rocks of Pleaſure, that they might ſolace themſelves with a ſhort enjoyment of that delicious region, after which they always determined to purſue their courſe without any other deviation.

Reaſon was too often prevailed upon ſo far by theſe promiſes, as to venture her charge within the eddy of the gulph of intemperance, where, indeed, the circumlocution was weak, but yet interrupted the courſe of the veſſel, and drew it, by inſenſible rotation, towards the centre. She then repented her temerity, and with all her force endeavoured to retreat; but the gulph was generally too ſtrong to be overcome; and the paſſengers having danced in circles with a pleaſing and giddy velocity, was at laſt overwhelmed and loſt. Thoſe few whom reaſon was able to extricate, generally ſuffered ſo many ſhocks upon the points which ſhot out from the rocks of Pleaſure, that they were unable to continue their courſe with the ſame ſtrength and facility as before, but floated along timorouſly and feebly, endangered by every breeze, and ſhattered by every ruffle of the water, till they ſunk, by ſlow degrees, after long ſtruggles, and innumeramerable expedients, always repining at their own folly, and warning others againſt the firſt approach of the gulph of intemperance.

There were artiſts who profeſſed to repair the breaches and ſtop the leaks of the veſſels which had been ſhattered on the rocks of Pleaſure. Many appeared to have great confidence in their ſkill, and ſome, indeed, were preſerved by it from ſinking, who had received only a ſingle blow; but I remarked that few veſſels laſted long which had been much repaired, nor was it found that the artiſts themſelves continued afloat longer than thoſe who had leaſt of their aſſiſtance.

The only advantage which, in the voyage of life, the cautious had above the negligent, was, that they ſunk later, and more ſuddenly; for they paſſed forward till they had ſometimes ſeen all thoſe in whoſe company they had iſſued from the ſtreights of infancy, periſh in the way, and at laſt were overſet by a croſs breeze, without the toil of reſiſtance, or the anguiſh of expectation. But ſuch as had often fallen againſt the rocks of Pleaſure, commonly ſubſided by ſenſible degrees, contended long with the encroaching waters, and haraſſed themſelves by labours that ſcarce Hope herſelf could flatter with ſucceſs.

As I was looking upon the various fate of the multitude about me, I was ſuddenly alarmed by an admonition from ſome unknown Power, "Gaze not idly upon others when thou thyſelf art ſinking.—Whence is this thoughtleſs tranquillity, when thou and they are equally endangered? I looked, and ſeeing the gulph of Intemperance before me, ſtarted and awaked.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

Lines written on a first View of the coast of England.

Ye white cliffs of Britain, the proud waves deſpiſing,
That dash o'er your ſummits their glitt'ring ſpray,
From the wide cheerleſs ſurface of ocean ariſing,
Ye break on my ſoul like the dawn of the day.

Though far from my country, a truant, I'm roaming,
And ſad is my heart when intrudes the fond tho't;
Through the tempeſt's loud roaring, the ocean wild foaming,
The land of my forefathers fearleſs I've ſought.

Ye ramparts of nature, fair freedom defending,
Accept the fond tribute that ſteals from my eye;
Though o'er you the ſtorm of invaſion's impending,
Your ſons ſhall repel it, or gloriouſly die.

But while o'er the waves the loud echoing thunder,
Is borne by your tars to each far diſtant ſhore;
The boaſtings of France ſhall yon cliffs rend aſunder,
Ere the brave ſons of Britain her pity implore.

All hail, then ye cliffs, that, the proud ocean ſpurning,
Repel the rough waves as your tars do the foe;
May each loyal heart with reſentment now burning,
Ever feel for his country the patriot glow.

Then in vain will the foe, on his proweſs preſuming,
Attempt to ſubvert what to Britain is dear;
And the bright ſtar of Freedom, the dark gloom illuming,
Shall ſtill ſhed its influence o'er thy ſphere.

Still green be thy laurels, fair queen of the ocean,
And firm as thy cliffs be thy charter and fame:
Though an exile, my heart ſhall e'er throb with emotion,
While I hear the world echo Britannia's name.

A——L.

For the Evening Fire-ſide.

TO SUMMER.

Oh SUMMER! why upon my head
Pour'ſt thou thy all-ſubduing beam?
Far from the plain the flocks have fled,
And lave amid the winding ſtream.

Long dreary WINTER held his reign;
Yet we enjoy'd his nights of eaſe,
When round the fire the youthful train
Eſſay'd with various arts to pleaſe.

Cold, dripping from his fierce embrace,
SPRING, bath'd in tears, came ſlowly on;
But, ere her wonted bloom we trace,
At thy harſh bidding is ſhe gone.

Full well I mark'd her downcaſt eye,
As o'er the ſcene ſhe ſwiftly paſs'd;
And well I mark'd the murmuring ſigh,
The mournful look ſhe round her caſt.

Scarce from her hoary tyrant free,
Who long had check'd her beaming ſmile,
She came—too ſoon to bow to thee,
Too ſoon her charms became thy ſpoil.

Around thy brow with garlands crown'd
No wanton zephyrs ſoftly play;
Thy eye's bright beam has parch'd the ground,
And ſcar'd the breeze of Spring away.

Yet o'er the gold-enamell'd plain
Luxuriant harveſts gayly wave,
And ſtill we thank thy fruitful reign
For goods nor Spring nor Winter gave.

While from thy high meridian throne,
Thou pour'ſt around the blaze of day,
Upon ſome moſs-encircled ſtone,
I'll ſing the ſultry hours away.

Where ſome impenetrable ſhade,
Excludes thy ſoul-relaxing beam,
I'll woo the contemplative maid
Or make thy ardent power my theme.

LYRICUS.

Selected for the Evening Fire-ſide.

Lambert's Calculations for finding a firſt meridian for the United States.

Several gentlemen of aſtronomical ſcience engaged themſelves in making obſervations at Waſhington City on an occultation of one of the Pleiades, the brighteſt ſtar in that conſtellation, by the moon. The appearances were noted on the evening of October 20th, 1804, by Abraham Bradley, Eſq. aſſiſtant poſtmaſter-general; Mr. Seth Peaſe, a clerk in the poſt-office, and the Rev. David Wiley, principal of an Academy in Georgetown. Upon the data found by theſe obſervers, Mr. William Lambert has entered into a ſeries of calculations for aſcertaining therefrom the latitude north of the equator, and the longitude weſt of Greenwich Obſervatory in England, of the Capitol at the City of Waſhington. Theſe were publiſhed at Waſhington by Mr. Way, near the latter part of 1805, in about 50 pages 4to. Mr. Lambert enumerates the various modes of finding the longitude of places in the earth's ſurface by obſerving the times of the ecli-

ſes of Jupiter's Satellites; by taking the diſtance between the ſun and the moon, or between the moon and a fixed ſtar; by means of a Solar eclipſe; and by the occultation of a known fixed ſtar by the moon. He gives a preference to the reſult obtained by the two latter of theſe methods, notwithſtanding the tedioufneſs of calculating the parallaxes in latitude and longitude, and the errors which may ariſe from the uſe of a great number of figures in the computation.

The longitude of the capitol, intended as a firſt meridian for the United States, is found by Mr. L. to be five hours, 7 minutes and 33 ſeconds in time, or 76, 53 1-4, in diſtance weſt from the meridian of Greenwich, computed according to obſervations by the parallaxes. The longitude by the mean of other calculations, he finds to be 76-54-3 35 W. equal to 5h. 7m. 36s. 23 ec. in time. But on the former he has he moſt reliance, and conſiders it a near pproximation to the truth. This modeſt nd meritorious aſtronomer invites other entlemen of ſcience to co-operate with im in this work, and aſſiſt in fixing a firſt eridian for the nation on ſure principles. nd in order to aid the ſciences of geograhy and navigation by celeſtial obſervations, e announces to our aſtronomers the eclipſe f the ſun which will happen on the 16th f June, 1806. This will be total in thoſe arts of the New-England States, New-ork, Pennſylvania, Ohio, &c. as are ſitted between lat. 41, 25 and 42; 55 N. d central at or near the city of Hudſon. is to be hoped ſuch an excellent opporunity will be improved to the uttermoſt by thoſe who have the means of making obvations. The profeſſors in Colleges and niverſities, and gentlemen of ſcience and rtune, may eaſily make arrangements for e event, on being informed ſo long beehand of the time and places for obſervg it to the beſt advantage.

[*American Citizen.*

A Parody on Pope's "Eſſay on Man."

ne 29 to 122. Written after eating a bad dinner.

the plain eater, whoſe untutored taſte
ds health in ſallads, and in homely paſte;
tongue proud ſcience never taught to lave
harbone cream, or gravy's poignant wave:
ſimple cook'ry piles his earthen plate
h Jerſey's honeſt pork----an humble treat,
lleſs of Ortolans, his ſpit whirls round,
catchup ſtains his kitchen's wholeſome ground;
ere no diſguiſe affronts the genuine meal,
Weltjie tortures ſalmon into veal.
at, contents his hunger's nat'ral call;
He chews no latent gout in forc'd-meat ball:
But throws to faithful Tray his dinner down,
Th' applauded pork's reverſionary bone.

Come, nicer thou, come, let thy palate try,
'Gainſt Moll's plum-pudding, Weltjie's lobſter pye;
In every diſh find ſome important fault,
The broth wants relish, and the edge-bone ſalt;
Condemn each joint not dreſs'd by learned rule,
Yet cry, if hunger fails, that Moll's a fool.
If fricaſſees employ not all her ſkill,
Studious to nourish, not expert to kill,
Snatch from her care the hangers and the hooks.
Re-dreſs her dreſſings, be the cook of cooks.

ECLIPSE

On the 16th inſt. there will be an eclipſe of the Sun, viſible and nearly total.

Beginning at Philadelphia at	9.	33
Greateſt obſcuration,	10.	56
End,	12.	22
Duration,	2.	49

Digits eclipſed 11 1-3 on the Sun's north limb. The moon makes her firſt impreſſion on the Sun's Diſc about 76 degrees from the Sun's Vertex on the right hand. It will be total in the northern parts of the United States, its centre paſſing over Lake Michigan and Erie, about the middle of the Geneſſee country, and very near Albany and Boſton, thence out into the Atlantic Ocean, to the Southward of Nova-Scotia.

This eclipſe having travelled in expanſum ever ſince the Creation, fell in open ſpace quite clear of the Earth at every return of the Chaldean Period, till the year A. D. 967, when it firſt began to enter the Terra Auſtralis Incognita, at the South Pole, ſince which it has continued to wear to the Northward at each periodical return; and according to the mean motion of the Sun, Moon and retroceſſion of the Lunar Nodes, will go off at the North Pole about the year A. D. 2355, whence it again commences its ethereal circuit from which it will not return to the Earth, ſo as to perform the ſame revolution over again, in leſs than 12492 years.

[As the expected eclipſe has awakened curioſity and filled the minds of many with *apprehenſion;* for the gratification of our readers we have collected, from authentic ſources, an account of the circumſtances which attended a total eclipſe of the Sun, on the 22d of April, 1715.]

Capt. Stannyan, at Bern in Switzerland, ſays, "the Sun was totally dark for four minutes and an half; that a fixed ſtar and planet appeared very bright; and that its getting out of the eclipſe was preceded by a blood-red ſtreak of light, from it's left limb, which continued not longer than ſix or ſeven ſeconds of time; then part of the Sun's diſc appeared, all on a ſudden, as bright as *Venus* was ever ſeen in the night; nay, brighter, and in that very inſtant gave a light and ſhadow to things, as ſtrong as moon-light uſed to do." The inference drawn from theſe phænomena is, that the moon has an atmoſphere.

J. C. Facis, at Geneva, ſays, "there was ſeen, during the whole time of the total immerſion, a whiteneſs, which ſeemed to break out behind the moon, and to encompaſs it on all ſides equally; its breadth was not the twelfth part of the moon's diameter. *Venus*, *Saturn*, and *Mercury* were ſeen by many; and if the ſky had been clear, many more ſtars might have been ſeen, and with them *Jupiter* and *Mars*. Some Gentlewomen in the country ſaw more than 10 ſtars; and many people on the mountains ſaw the ſky ſtarry, in ſome places where it was not overcaſt, as during the night at the time of the full moon. The duration of the total darkneſs was three minutes."

Dr. J. J. Scheuchzer, at Zurich, ſays, "that both planets and fixed ſtars were ſeen; the birds went to rooſt; the bats came out of their holes; and the fiſhes ſwam about; we experienced a manifeſt ſenſe of cold; and the dew fell upon the graſs. The total darkneſs laſted four minutes."

Dr. Halley,* who obſerved this eclipſe at London, has thus given the phænomena attending it. "It was *univerſally* obſerved, that when the laſt part of the Sun remained on its eaſt ſide, it grew very faint, and was eaſily ſupportable to the naked eye, even through the teleſcope, for above a minute of time before the total darkneſs; whereas, on the contrary, my eye could not endure the ſplendor of the emerging beams in the teleſcope from the firſt moment. To this, perhaps, two cauſes concurred; the one, that the pupil of the eye did neceſſarily dilate itſelf during the darkneſs, which before had been much con-

* The Doctor begins his account thus. Though it be certain, from the principles of Aſtronomy, that there happens neceſſarily a central eclipſe of the ſun, in ſome part or other of the terraqueous globe, about twenty-eight times in each period of eighteen years; and that of theſe, no leſs than eight do paſs over the parallel of London, three of which eight are total with continuance; yet, from the great variety of the elements, whereof the *calculus* of eclipſes conſiſts, it has ſo happened, that ſince March 20, 1140, I cannot find that there has been a total eclipſe of the ſun ſeen at London, though in the mean time the ſhade of the moon has often paſſed over other parts of Great-Britain.

tracted by looking on the ſun. The other, that the eaſtern parts of the moon, having been heated with a day near as long as thirty of our's, muſt of neceſſity have that part of it's atmoſphere replete with vapours, raiſed by the long-continued action of the ſun; and by conſequence it was more denſe near the moon's ſurface, and more capable of obſtructing the luſtre of the ſun's beams. Whereas, at the ſame time the weſtern edge of the moon had ſuffered as long a night, during which time there might fall in dews, all the vapours that were raiſed in the preceding long day; and for this reaſon, that part of it's atmoſphere might be ſeen much more pure and tranſparent.

About two minutes before the total immerſion, the remaining part of the ſun was reduced to a very fine horn, whoſe extremities ſeemed to loſe their acuteneſs, and to become round like ſtars. And for the ſpace of about a quarter of a minute, a ſmall piece of the ſouthern horn of the eclipſe ſeemed to be cut off from the reſt by a good interval, and appeared like an oblong ſtar round at both ends; which appearance could proceed from no other cauſe, but the inequalities of the moon's ſurface, there being ſome elevated parts thereof near the moon's ſouthern pole, by which interpoſition, part of that exceedingly fine filament of light was intercepted.

A few ſeconds before the ſun was totally hid, there diſcovered itſelf round the moon a luminous ring, about a digit, or perhaps a tenth part, of the moon's diameter in breadth. It was of a pale whiteneſs, or rather pearl colour, ſeeming to me a little tinged with the colours of the *iris*, and to be concentric with the moon; whence I concluded it was the moon's atmoſphere. But the great height of it, far exceeding that of our earth's atmoſphere; and the obſervations of ſome one who found the breadth of the ring to increaſe on the weſt ſide of the moon, as the emerſion approached; together with the contrary ſentiments of thoſe, whoſe judgment I ſhall always revere, make me leſs confident, eſpecially as in a matter whereto I gave not all the attention requiſite.

Whatever it was, the ring appeared much brighter and whiter near the body of the moon, than at a diſtance from it; and its outward circumference, which was ill defined, ſeemed terminated only by the extreme rarity of the matter it was compoſed of; and in all reſpects resembled the appearance of an enlightened atmoſphere viewed from far: but whether it belonged to the ſun or the moon, I ſhall not at preſent undertake to decide.

During the whole time of the total eclipſe, I kept my teleſcope conſtantly fixed on the moon, in order to obſerve what might occur in this uncommon appearance, and I ſaw perpetual flaſhes or coruſcations of light, which ſeemed for a moment to dart out from behind the moon, now here, now there, on all ſides, but more eſpecially on the weſtern ſide, a little below the emerſion; and about two or three ſeconds before it on the weſtern ſide, where the ſun was juſt coming out, a long and very narrow ſtreak of duſky, but ſtrong red light ſeemed to colour the dark edge of the moon, though nothing like it had been ſeen immediately after the immerſion. But this inſtantly vaniſhed upon the firſt appearance of the ſun, as did alſo the foreſaid luminous ring.

As to the degree of darkneſs, it was ſuch, that one might have expected to have ſeen more ſtars than were ſeen in London; the planets, *Jupiter*, *Mercury* and *Venus*, were all that were ſeen by the gentlemen of the ſociety from the top of their houſe, where they had a free horizon; and I do not hear that any one in town ſaw more than *Capella* and *Aldebaran* of the fixed ſtars. Nor was the light of the ring round the moon capable of effacing the luſtre of the ſtars, for it was vaſtly inferor to that of the full moon, and ſo weak that I did not obſerve it caſt a ſhade. But the under parts of the hemiſphere, particularly in the ſouth-eaſt under the ſun, had a crepuſcular brightneſs; and all round us, ſo much of the ſegment of our atmoſphere as was above the horizon, and was without the cone of the moon's ſhadow, was more or leſs enlightened by the ſun's beams; and its reflection gave a diffuſed light, which made the air ſeem hazy, and hindered the appearance of the ſtars. And that this was the real cauſe thereof, is manifeſt by the darkneſs being more perfect in thoſe places near which the center of the ſhade paſſed, where many more ſtars were ſeen, and in ſome, not leſs than twenty, though the light of the ring was to all alike.

I forbear to mention the chill and damp, with which the darkneſs of this eclipſe was attended, of which moſt ſpectators were ſenſible, and equally judges; or the concern that appeared in all ſorts of animals, birds, beaſts, and fiſhes, upon the extinction of the ſun, ſince ourſelves could not behold it without ſome ſenſe of horror."

For the Evening Fire-side.

TO MATILDA.

Ceaſe Matilda, ceaſe to weep,
Ceaſe thy mortal lot to mourn;
Though thy dear connections ſleep,
Silent in the funeral urn;

Though thy joyful proſpects here
Fade before misfortune's hand;
Yet will brighter ſcenes appear,
If thou but thy views extend.

Let thy thoughts advert to thoſe
Who have ſuffer'd all thy cares,
And have felt a parent's woes,
And have wept a widow's tears.

Let the thought that others mourn,
Greater ſorrows far than thine—
Bid the voice of hope return,
Bid thy ſpirit not repine.

Though affection's broken ties,
Call thy feelings fourth to mourn;
Yet theſe trials God all-wiſe
Dooms to every mortal born.

Though ſome hidden ſource of woe,
Which no ſoothing can relieve,
Lower on thy care-worn brow,
Tainting ev'ry joy with grief.

Heav'n will not thy boſom tear,
With too rough or harſh a hand;
Nor will always perſevere,
To afflict the humble mind.

When thy breaſt ſhall anguiſh wring,
Let this thought the pang controul;
Damp the venom of its ſting,
Eaſe thy weary laden ſoul.

But though I would ſhow the part,
Which thou calmly ought'ſt to bear;
Think not I require thy heart,
To ſuppreſs the filial tear.

Seek the oft frequented tomb,
Where thy parent's aſhes reſt;
And while weeping o'er her doom,
Let that ſorrow calm thy breaſt.

Let it raiſe thy thoughts to her,
Where in endleſs bliſs ſhe dwells!
While thy heart devoid of care,
A celeſtial tranſport feels.

Let it teach thee all the joy,
Which pervades the realms above;
Where thou may'ſt without alloy,
Dwell with her in endleſs love.

MELMOTH.

June 10th, 1806.

Selected for the Evening Fire-side.

BEARDS THE DELIGHT OF ANCIENT BEAUTIES.

When the Fair were accuſtomed to behold their lovers with beards, the ſight of a ſhaved chin excited ſentiments of horror and averſion; as much indeed as, in this

effeminate age, would a gallant whoſe "hairy excrement" ſhould

"Stream like a meteor to the troubled air."

To obey the injunctions of his Biſhops, Louis the Seventh of France cropped his hair, and ſhaved his beard. Eleanor, of Acquitane, his conſort, found him, with this uncommon appearance very ridiculous, and very contemptible. She revenged herſelf by becoming ſomething more than a coquette. The king obtained a divorce. She then married the Count of Anjou, who ſhortly after aſcended the Engliſh throne. She gave him for her marriage dower the rich province of Poitou and Guienne; and this was the origin of thoſe wars, which for three hundred years ravaged France, and which coſt the French nation three millions of men. All which, probably had never taken place, if Louis the Seventh had not been ſo raſh as to crop his hair and ſhave his beard, by which he became ſo diſguſtful in the eyes of his fair Eleanor.

THE ORPHAN'S PRAYER.

The frozen strees in moonshine glitter
The midnight hour has long been past;
Ah, me! the wind blows keen and bitter,
I sink beneath the piercing blast.

In ev'ry vein seems life to languish,
Their weight no more my limbs can bear;
But no one sooths the orphan's anguish,
And no one hears the orphan's pray'r.

Hark! hark! for sure some footstep's near me
Advancing, press the drifted snow:
I die for food, O stranger hear me,
I die for food, some alms bestow.

You see no guilty wretch implore you,
No wanton kneels in feign'd despair;
A famish'd orphan kneels before you;
Oh! grant the famish'd orphan's pray'r.

Perhaps you think my lips dissembling,
Of virtuous sorrows feign a tale;
Then mark my frame with anguish tremb'ling,
My hollow eyes and features pale.

E'n should my story prove ideal,
Too well my wasted limbs declare,
My wants at least are not unreal
Then stranger grant the orphan's pray'r.

He's gone! no mercy man will shew me,
In pray'rs no more I'll waste my breath,
Here on the frozen earth I'll throw me,
And wait in mute despair for death.

Farewell thou cruel world, to-morrow
No more thy scorn my heart will tear;
The grave will shield the child of sorrow,
And heaven will hear the orphan's pray'r.

And thou proud man, the beggar scorning!
Unmov'd thou saw'st me kneel for bread
Thy heart shall ake to hear at morning,
That morning found the beggar dead.

And when the room resounds with laughter,
My famish'd cry thy mirth shall scare,
And often shall thou wish hereafter,
Thou had'st not scorn'd the orpphan's pray'r.

From the Luzerne Federaliſt.

One cold ſtormy day laſt February, a female ſtranger made her appearance in the Beach-wood ſettlement on the Lackawane. She appeared to be about thirty; tall, and delicately formed; but the roſe that once had bloomed on her cheek was withered by the canker-worm of care; and reaſon no longer ſwayed his ſceptre over her mind. "They drowned my mother, O how ſhe ſcreams! there! there! ſhe ſinks! help her! help her!" was the burden of her ſong. But ſhe would occaſionally caſt her eyes on the men, and with a wild and fearful look, exclaim, "No! No! I have you, you have ruined me: Poor Poll would drown herſelf, but the water's cold." No intreaties could induce her to take ſhelter from the ravages of the ſtorm. But ſhe flew from houſe to houſe, a moſt melancholy picture of ſorrow and woe. After having been abſent a day or two, ſhe returned with an infant naked on her boſom: "Poor thing, I know you'll ſtarve it." Nature remained true to her duty, although reaſon had fled from her ſeat. A tear, the firſt ſhe had ſhed, fell and mingled with the ſnow on its neck: The ſoul of the little ſufferer was juſt winging its way to a kinder parent, when the unfortunate maniac entered a cottage where the woman had but the week before buried a new-born infant.---- She kindly begged that the child might at leaſt be put in her arms. The mother conſented, and Mrs. Bucklin, (for that is the name of the humane woman) wiped the ſnow from its neck, wrapped it in warm flannel, and gave it the breaſt. A gleam of wandering reaſon ſeemed to ſhoot acroſs the mind of the diſtreſſed mother. She was delighted to ſee her offspring on the breaſt of its humane nurſe, and expreſſed no wiſh to take it again, but ſoon wandered off: declaring ſhe had drowned her child. She paſſed the village, and it is not known whence ſhe came or whither ſhe is gone. Mrs. Bucklin ſtill keeps the child, and nurſes it as her own. Col. Stanton, of Wayne county, has ſent it ſome clothes, and it has been chriſtened by the name of Polly Snow, expreſſive of the place of its birth.

A FABLE, IMITATED FROM THE ITALIAN.

By Mrs. Piozzi.

Walking full many a weary mile,
The lizard met the Crocodile;
And thus began—How fat, how fair,
How finely guarded, Sir, you are!
'Tis really charming thus to see
One's kindred in prosperity.
I've travel'd far to find your coast,
But sure the labour was not lost;
For you must think we don't forget
Our loving cousin now so great;
And tho' our humble habitations
Are such as suit our slender stations,
The honour of the Lizard blood
Was never better understood.

'The amphibious Prince, who slept content,
Ne'er listening to her compliment,
At this expression rais'd his head,
And—pray who are you? coolly said—
The little creature now renew'd
Her history of toils subdued,
Her zeal to see her cousin's face,
The glory of her ancient race;
But looking nearer found my lord
Was fast asleep again—and snor'd

Ne'er press upon a rich relation
Rais'd to the ranks of higher station;
Or if you will disturb your coz,
Be happy that he does but doze.

THE ABSENT MAN.

The Count De Brancas was ſubject to frequent fits of abſence. One day he was reading by the fire-ſide, but Heaven knows with what degree of attention, when the nurſe brought him his infant child. He throws down the book; he takes the child in his arms---he was playing with her, when an important viſitor was announced. Having forgot he had quitted his book, and that it was his child he held in his hands, he threw her down violently on the table, and probably was ſurpriſed to hear loud cries iſſue from his book.

ANECDOTE of the late W. W. RYLAND.

Who was executed ſome years ago in London for Forgery.

When, before his trial, he was in Tothill-fields, Bridewell, he ſo far conciliated the friendship of the governor, as he is called, of the priſon, that he not only had the liberty of the whole houſe and garden, but when the other priſoners were locked up of an evening, uſed to walk out with

the master of them, and sometimes range the fields to a considerable distance. His friends, anticipating the consequence of a trial, at this time concerted a plan by which Ryland was to effect an escape in one of these excursions, and which was to have been executed in such a manner, that the indemnification of his guardian must have followed of course. But, probable as it appeared, when mentioned to the unfortunate man, he was so far from acceding, that he protested, that if he was that hour to meet his punishment, he would embrace it with all its terrors, rather than betray a confidence so humanely given. He was deaf to remonstrance and intreaty, and ultimately preferred death to a breach of friendship.

SUMMARY OF INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC.

Massacre by the Negroes at the Cape.

New-York, June 9.—We learn from capt. Dodge, of the schr. Mary-Ann, who arrived here yesterday, in 16 days from Cape-Francois, that on the 14th and 15th of May, a general massacre of all the white inhabitants of Cape-Francois took place, and it was said to be general, throughout that part of this ill-fated island under the dominion of Dessalines. The particulars of this tragical event are barely these:

Some time previous to the 14th of May, the greater part of the white French inhabitants of Cape-Francois, were ordered under some pretence to a fort about eight leagues from the town, and there confined. On the night of the 14th the residue of these unfortunate people, amounting to about 150, were strangled in their beds by order of the emperor. The blood-thirsty villains, not content with this, plunged their bayonets in the bodies, mangling them in a horrid manner.—They then plundered the houses of those unfortunate people, who had thus fallen victims to the avarice and cruelty of the black emperor. On the 15th it was reported at the Cape that those of the inhabitants who had been sent to the fort, had been put to death in the most cruel manner, and their dead bodies treated with the greatest indignity.

The ship Ceres, Turnbull, from Old Calabar, in Africa, arrived at Charleston, South-Carolina, on the twenty-sixth ultimo, with THREE HUNDRED SLAVES, to Gibson and Brabfoot, in addition to the NINE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY, mentioned in our paper of the seventh instant.

To the *HONOUR* of South-Carolina,

Be it known, that the following is a correct list of all the imported slaves advertised in one Charleston paper, of the 15th ult.

May	1 Zanquebar slaves	230
	2 Mandango negroes,	241
	12 Young negroes	75
	15 Gold coast slaves	164
	Slaves,	740

Seven hundred and forty slaves exposed to sale within the short period of *fifteen* days!

Let it be noted too how their ingenious avarice has given a new range to their depredations. The *western* coast of Africa no longer able to glut their "thirst of gold," they have struck up a trade with the *East*. The 230 slaves in the foregoing list are from Zanquebar, on the Eastern coast of Africa, said to be the natives of the Gendo, Mocoa, and Swahytie tribes. They are *much esteemed* by the planters of Mauritius. It is a folly to dwell upon the immorality, the injustice, the crying sin of this abominable traffic; but is it not surprising that avarice should be a stronger principle than self-preservation?—Know not the inhabitants of South-Carolina, how many *enemies* they are introducing into their own bosom? They had enough of them before: why are they adding to their number?

Late letters from London state, that in consequence of the severe measures which France has adopted to prevent the importation in neutral, as well as other bottoms, of English goods in the North as well as South of Europe, it was conjectured the new British Administration would be necessitated, from self-preservation, to declare every port, from Venice in the Adriatic, to Hamburgh, &c. in a state of blockade; to cover the sea with cruisers, and to take measures to prevent the supply of a single pound of coffee, sugar, cotton, &c to any of the dominions under the power or influence of France. This measure, it is said, will be very rigidly executed; and will unquestionably be justified by those who justify the French measure.—Mr. Munroe had been officially notified of the blockade of the Emes, Weser, Elbe and Trave. A great number of neutral vessels, bound to and from the ports under the French rule have recently been sent into England.—Some of whom, however, had been released.

Extract of a letter from Aruba, to a merchant in Kingston, Jam. dated 3d May, 1806.

"The celebrated Miranda, a native of Carracas, has arrived here with a large American ship, and two armed schooners, having on board 280 men, destined to kindle the torch of Revolution upon the Continent. They have a considerable number of arms and ammunition, 10 Colonels, all the Officers of a New Administration and Municipality. An Embargo was immediately laid on here for 8 days. The greatest part of his people are Frenchmen, who seem to be pretty certain of their undertaking, and who begin here also as well as every where to grasp after the wealth and property of others. It is truly a very hazardous undertaking, for if they make a Faux Pas, they will surely not be spared.

"This morning arrived a schooner from Curracoa, with the inteligence that they are at anchor at the island Bonair, from thence they have sent their Missionaries to preach the new propaganda, and wait for answer, fifty thousand men are said to be already collected for this enterprise, but it is not known yet where it will begin."

We learn that the works of the Potomac company on the Shamandoah, are in such forwardness, and the force employed on them is so considerable, that the canal, locks, gates, in short the entire navigation from river to river, will be completed in the ensuing September.

A late Kentucky paper mentions, that "the United States Salines, below the Wabash, are now conducted with so much spirit and success, that the quantity of salt now is greatly superior to the demand; several thousand bushels having been accumulated in store. The price is reduced to five shillings Virginia currency per bushel."

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Interments in the different burial grounds of the City and Liberties of Philadelphia—from the 30th of May to the 7th of June. Adults 23—Children 18—Total 41.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Gallio Lussimdaw's remittance would have balanced his account, as rendered in our 22d No. had he inclosed it in a *blank* sheet.

Leandri's Observations seem to have been designed for the benefit of *Lussimdaw*; we therefore thought it no more than civil to give him a berth along-side.

Ether we could have readily discovered to be under *lunar* influence, had he not informed us of the fact.

Antibaccanalia's perseverance is truly praiseworthy: he need not, however, send us *another* copy of his Essay at present, owing to the vast quantity lately received of a similar kind. We have not yet been under the necessity of using his *first*. We will be kind enough to let him know when we want waste paper.

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